The
COMMONWEAL

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What National Planning Involves

CONCERN over the nation's lack of an adequate plan for transformation to peacetime economy is growing. There seems to be some progress in the right direction since we discussed that question in these pages three weeks ago. Much of the latest data is still in the talk stage, but there is some actual planning too.

In order to obtain some idea of the problem it is well to underline certain differences between war and peace production. In the former case what is all-important is manufacture and delivery in adequate quantities. Everything else is secondary. Even expense often has to go hang—as when contracts are cancelled because better weapons have been designed since the order was given. It is relatively unimportant who owns or operates a plant so long as the work is done. Managers can concentrate on only one thing, increasingly efficient methods of production. Whenever necessary, machinery and half-finished products are scrapped with hardly a second thought. War provides an exacting market and, temporarily at least, an insatiable one.

The peacetime manufacturer, on the other hand, has both the items of a dependable market and economical production to concern him. He also is beset with the difficulties of finance. Reconversion for him is a drastic shift. Since manufacturers themselves have such a key rôle in the national effort to make a go of a peacetime economy with a vastly stepped up productive capacity, we shall turn first to some of their coming needs.

As long as war in Europe lasts, and in many cases until Japan also is defeated, war industries have to continue at full steam without thought for the morrow. With peace, government war orders will be abruptly cancelled. Hence, if the companies are to be justly reimbursed and are to be in condition to provide employment, they must with little delay be compensated for all legitimate expenses. In certain cases they will need loans to enable them to undertake retooling and other steps to conversion. In a number of cases they will need special access to strategic materials hitherto sharply restricted by priorities. Where government has taken over their plants manufacturers must be assured of withdrawal within, say, 60 days. And if the war should end suddenly and there be a danger of dumping surpluses of certain commodities upon the market, the government may have to step in to control distribution of those surpluses.

According to *Newsweek* a report along these lines has been drawn up by Bernard M. Baruch and John M. Hancock and "is said to be already at the White House." Surely this indicates that some constructive thinking is in process on this vital matter. And before we leave the manufacturer a bow should be made to the Committee for Economic Development which for many months has been helping smaller manufacturers and local communities to set up programs which will assure widespread postwar employment.

Once we leave this area, planning seems to be largely in the broadest outline stage. Apparently the men who are mustered out from the armed services are to receive from $100 to $300, depending on the place and length of service. There will be some precedent for hiring them; indeed employers are now taking on a good proportion of the 70,000 men being mustered out monthly, but there will be few war industries to depend on and postwar numbers will be much greater.

Organized labor believes it is making a contribution to the postwar problem by seeking to establish basic wage rates which will assure mass purchasing power. One of the difficulties soon to be faced is the determination of women workers who have done well to continue factory work instead of returning home after the war.

The President's 34,000-mile superhighway program is something definite, reaching all American cities over 100,000 population but three and connecting up five-sixths of the manufacturing capacity of the country; it is designed to supply steady employment for 2,000,000 men. Mr.

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Roosevelt has also appealed to cities the nation over to set up, now, extensive programs of public works.

It is far from clear that all this added up will do the job. What is somewhat encouraging is that more and more influential men are thinking of the postwar period in terms of expanded, full-time production with full employment; we are at last becoming committed to an economy of abundance. Although the war has not reached the stage where we can demand much in the way of civilian goods, it is high time that we began to concentrate at home on peacetime production plans.

Extending Peonage

LAST YEAR, after considerable shuffling and the threat of a presidential veto, Congress passed what is known as Public Act 45, intended to remedy dangerous deficiencies in agricultural labor by providing federal funds to transport farm labor from one part of the country to another, and also to make possible the importation of farm labor from other countries, principally Mexico and the Bahamas. There was certainly need for legislation of this sort, but the fly in the ointment was the provision whereby no farm worker could be moved out of a given county without the written permission of his Extension county agent. Since many of our county agents are directly under the control of the Farm Bureau Federation, this meant in practice that a large pool of cheap labor would be held in the south, even though there were no employment for this labor there during large portions of the year.

This Act was to continue in force until the end of 1943. On December 17 last, H.J. Res. 208 was debated and passed in the House. It is now before the Senate, and presumably will have to be acted upon during January. Public Law No. 45 was extended for one month by the action of both House and Senate so that H.J. Res. 208 might receive adequate consideration both in Committee and on the floor of the Senate. This bill is intended to take the place of last year's farm labor act. It carries precisely the same provisions requiring the consent of county agents before any funds can be expended to transport agricultural workers outside of counties in which they have lived for more than a year. What is worse, it also gives to the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture charge over foreign workers imported with federal funds. It should be repeated that in many states the Extension Service is the tool of the Farm Bureau . The federal director of Extension is an ex-officio member of the Farm Bureau's board of directors. The jobs of many county agents depend directly upon their keeping in the good graces of the Federation. By such legislation, we are merely ensuring the reduction of agricultural labor to a state bordering on peonage. And what is really shocking is that in the House debate on H.J. Res. 208 not a word was said about this aspect of the bill. One Representative mildly hinted that he wasn't too well pleased with it, but he beautifully summarized the abject state of our national legislature. He said: "If the farmers of this country want this bill, I am not going to vote against it. I have always voted for everything that the farmers want."

N.B.

"SUBSIDIES to the farmer are energetically opposed by the Farm Bloc and by Big Business. When the term Farm Bloc is used in a newspaper story most readers think of grass-roots farmers. Actually the Big Four farm organizations—the Farm Bureau, the Grange, the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, and the National Cooperative Milk Producers' Federation—are not democratically run by dirt farmers but by Big Business, as the newsletter 'Spade' has revealed. . . . In a Senate investigation of 1930 it [the Farm Bureau] was exposed as lobbying against cheap fertilizer from Government-owned Muscle Shoals with money furnished by the American Cyanamid Company. Again in 1933 another Senate investigation revealed that the American Farm Bureau Federation offered to lobby for various Big Business concerns, for pay. In the present subsidy fight its leaders are singing barbershop harmony with the National Association of Manufacturers, which works through the National Industrial Information Committee by interlocking memberships. The chairman of the Committee is Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., of General Motors. Members include Howard Pew of Sun Oil Co., Lammot du Pont, Ernest T. Weir of the Steel Trust, and Colby Chester, chairman of General Foods. . . ." (From the *New Leader,* January 22, 1944.)

N.N.B.

"THE day after Christmas a great many Sunday newspapers carried a syndicated comic strip entitled 'Little Joe' . . . which pictured a little American girl sending Christmas presents to Japanese-American children in a relocation center. By return mail she receives from the Japanese-American children a large present which her father refuses to open inside the house. He takes it into the yard and upon opening it finds that it is a bomb which explodes. 'Those awful inhuman beasts,' says the mother, 'they tried to kill us.' That was what was palmed off on the children of America the day after Christmas. It is cheap, it is degrading. And every publisher who carried that comic strip ought to think two or three times before he accuses people of lowering public estimation of the press by their criticism." (*The Tidings,* Archdiocese of Los Angeles, January 21, 1944.)

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The Tourists

IN the years before the war there were a great many Germans traveling about Europe. A great many German men. Young men. The "Strength through Joy" ships visited the Norwegian fjords; at any convention, in any European country, even at a pacifist convention, there was always present a strong German delegation. The Germans liked to be informed and you get what I mean, only that part of it does not matter; all the organized and deliberate traveling does not matter any more because the harm the spies could do has been done. But the German young men liked to travel even when they were not sent traveling for a purpose. Dressed for mountain climbing they were in all the churches, in all the museums; their hob-nailed boots were always treading the marble floors of a palace; they had all the boy scout equipment; they were always equipped for camping out, they always looked as if they were about to put up a tent—in the most civilized of possible surroundings—a tent next to the puppet show in the Champs Elysées, a bivouac in the palace of the popes in Avignon, a campfire in St. Peter's Square. The young men, so incongruous, so earnest and romantic, who wandered through the French towns, the Italian towns, are soldiers now or they are dead. However there will be young men exactly like them in the Piazzetta looking out over the Venetian lagoon, in France and in Italy again, when the war is over. After a period of circumspection during which it will not be prudent for German youth to indulge in tourism, the young men will be back again amidst the grandeur and the ruins which so attract them. Earnestly again they will contemplate Assisi, Naples, Rome. Just as before. Only there will be more ruins.

That is because the Germans live in Europe. The Germans can travel about Europe as we, at home, can travel about America. The Germans can hitch-hike round Europe. Germany is surrounded by interesting countries as a state here is surrounded by interesting states. In peacetime a German would visit those countries as easily as a man in Maine would visit Massachusetts. But we could not visit the European countries as easily as could the Germans. It cost money for an American to go to Europe. We did what we could. Americans saw much of Europe. But the Germans saw a great deal more of Europe.

There is this compensation. We do not know as well as do the Germans what we are destroying. There is no peace in the hearts of our men as they enter the ruined Italian village. But at least they had not seen the village before it was ruined. They see the stones which must have been walls, but they have no memory of the house as it stood.

There can be no dignity in writing about the tragedy of this war after the war is over. If a man accepts the necessity of driving the Germans out of Italy, out of France, the duty to disarm the German forces and break the German power, there is no dignity in his accepting this project unless he accepts its consequences. The destruction accompanying this war. It is not enough that we accept the knowledge that Americans must die in order that the Germans be brought to defeat. It is not enough that we accept the sorrow that must come to us. It is not enough that we accept what we are compelled to know.

We did not start this war. We did not invade Europe. The Germans invaded Europe when they started this war. We are fighting the Germans and we are in Europe because of the Germans. The Germans know Europe better than we know Europe. They knew the destruction their invasion of Europe would bring. They knew what they must ruin to accomplish their aims. The responsibility for the destruction is theirs—even for all that we now must destroy. But it is not enough to say that. It is not enough to say that they knew this Italy they and we are destroying.

The bombs fall on the Villa Mondragone in Frascati. It is not enough to say that the German boys, the tourists, with their bare legs and their knapsacks, used to sit watching the football game played within the four great walls of the school. It is not enough to say that they knew Tivoli, Albano, Velletri; that they watched the archeologists at work while they raised from Lake Nemi the sunken galley of the Emperors; that they walked in the gardens of Frascati while the sun set over the campagna and the distant dome of St. Peter's caught the light and there would be silence then and the evening would come. It is not enough to say that the Germans knew these places and that the boys who are approaching them now from Minnesota, Brooklyn and Texas did not know them.

It is insufficient to draw up an accountability of blame, impossible to take refuge in blamelessness. The Italian ruins are there before us and the ruins all over Europe and in Germany. Europe lies exposed as if after an earthquake. There is a burden of grief all over Europe as if after an earthquake, a pestilence, the wrath of God. This heavy weight, this heavy burden will not sink quietly, impersonally among the ruins. It is a burden that weighs upon men. It is such an immense burden that we cannot leave it to the Germans alone to bear, nor to the Italians, nor only to the conquered. The conquered cannot relieve us of it. It is not a burden we can manage to partition equitably after the war. We cannot forget it until after the war. We must assume it now in our hearts. Even if the Germans refuse their share of this grief. Particularly if they refuse their share.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Small Nations Matter

The test is Poland

J. L. Benvenisti

THE WORST of being a journalist is that, when you travel, you cannot go ahead and enjoy yourself like any other mortal. You are under the perpetual obligation to watch out for "impressions," and if, as happens in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, your impressions are simply not worth writing about, you go around for weeks afterwards with a guilty conscience and a haunting feeling that you have failed in your duties as a breadwinner and a citizen.

This has been my case ever since an enterprising government sent me to Scotland last September on a lecture tour. Not that I did not find a number of things that were novel and interesting, because I did. For instance, I was struck by the fact, which I had never truly realized before, that the Scotch are a nation. I made this discovery in rather disconcerting circumstances at the depot of a famous Highland regiment. I was being taken round the barracks by an officer when I noticed a flag in the distance that at first meant nothing to me, and asked what it was. The officer replied, in a tone of mingled but restrained pity and scorn, "That, sir, is the cross of St. Andrew." It was distinctly an awkward moment.

Another thing that was borne home very forcibly to me one way or another when I was pottering around was the continued existence of a very vital substratum of French culture in the life of the people. It comes out in such words as *ashet,* from *assiette,* a plate. It is also to be found in the French names ("La Rousse," "La Tempête") of the old Scotch "Country Dances," which by the way have nothing to do with the country (the word is derived from the French "Contre-Dance"), a very real and popular institution—despite the fact that there is a learned society that interests itself in the matter.

But the real reason why I have found some difficulty in writing this article is that I am the victim of a narrow academic prejudice that when one is writing about a Scottish tour, one should write about Scotland; and my chief memory of this particular tour is concerned with Poland. As a matter of fact, this is not nearly so erratic and illogical as it sounds, for there are several connections. For instance, a number of Polish troops have been training in Scotland of late, and it is common knowledge that host and guest have got on rather exceptionally well together. I believe there is a reason for this—a sort of community of historical memory. But let me tell in my own way how this began to suggest itself to my mind.

★

One of the things that struck me in Scotland—and I have since confirmed that others have been similarly affected—is that as you go north the sea becomes more blue, at any rate when the sun is shining, and that there is then a quality in the light and air which suddenly begins to suggest the South. One gets a strange feeling of some Wellsian abbreviation in the laws of space, of having hit on some sort of secret back door, a kind of hole in the world that leads you out of Reality into a place at once hidden and somehow strangely happy.

It is very difficult to convey in words exactly what I mean, and perhaps I am reading into this experience a content which it only received after I had a long talk at Aberdeen University with Dr. Simpson, one of the leading and most learned Scottish historians. Dr. Simpson spoke to me of the ancient and brilliant civilization of Scotland that, even before Bannockburn, had been destroyed by poverty and war, and I think that ever since that conversation I have felt a sort of dissonance between the mildness and gladness of those sunlit shores, and the sombre and tragic quality of Scottish history and legend, and have had the sense of some great happiness forgotten and destroyed.

The explanation of this dissonance which I experienced is that the great and happy period of Scottish history and nationhood was followed by what were really Scotland's dark ages, and that, as so often happens, this unhappy period, because it was full of turmoil and tumult, and so, I suppose, more colorful, has thrown all the rest hopelessly out of perspective.

Behind all those unhappy centuries there lies a Scottish past, of which most men know nothing, a past full of sanity and sweetness and light. I believe that, though Scotland is today re-emerging into the full daylight of happy and prosperous nationhood, there may be in the Scots somewhere a memory of all this, and that this is perhaps the bond by which they and the Poles are so curiously united. Certainly, I myself felt this analogy in

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my bones all through that Scottish trip, and so it was that while I was in Scotland I seemed somehow to be at the very spiritual heart of the war, for the heart of this war is Poland.

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Mr. Hilaire Belloc coined a phrase shortly after the outbreak of this conflict—a phrase which, according to his wont, he has repeated again and again. That phrase is "The Test Is Poland." When Mr. Belloc writes like this he means chiefly, I believe, that the resuscitation of a strong and independent Poland will be the test of whether the peacemakers have saved European civilization. But the phrase seemed to me eloquent in a rather different sense, and I can best put the matter like this: If you leave Poland out of the picture, you are perfectly capable of having the most fantastic misconceptions about the whole nature of the war and about the characters of the principal actors in the drama; in particular you are likely to have misconceptions about Germany, whereas if you keep Poland in the picture, you see the simple realities so clearly that there is no further possibility of any kind of controversy.

I can illustrate my meaning very easily out of my own experience, thus: I am always encountering some well-meaning young man at my talks who, having heard my contention that the great mass of Germans were solidly behind this war, says, with a fine show of generous indignation, "What about the German socialists?" and then insists that the German socialists know very well that wars are paid for in the blood of working men just like themselves, and could not conceivably be a party to the deliberate shedding of it.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with that young man, except that he has forgotten Poland. I am convinced that you could have found in Germany very considerable bodies of working class opinion to whom the idea of a war with Britain, or even a war with France, would have been abhorrent. They may well have realized that it would be a war against an industrial civilization very similar to their own, a war hideously costly in treasure and blood. It probably needed all the fanaticism and brutality of the nazis to make such a war possible in Germany. But the test of whether there was any real sense of international brotherhood among the socialists of Germany is not whether they were unwilling to fight a bloody and expensive war against a strong opponent (even Hitler was none too eager for that—did he not offer peace in October '39?) but whether they were ready to fight a cheap, and for themselves a relatively bloodless war against a much weaker opponent. In a word the test is Poland.

Now on that test the German Socialists and the whole German Left fall down in about as complete and final a manner as it is possible for the human mind to conceive. Peoples of the Western democracies are only too well aware that Germany is not the only strong power in history that has ever attacked a weaker nation, and they naturally suppose that such an attack would have been accompanied, if Germany had enjoyed normal political conditions, by the same kind of internal protest to which we in the West are accustomed on such occasions, and they conclude that, since no such protest was audible, it must have been suppressed by force.

Unfortunately, on the available evidence, there is not the slightest ground for such a supposition, and very considerable ground for supposing precisely the opposite. After all, for nearly fifteen years before Hitler came to power, the Germans had complete freedom of thought and expression, and there is no sort of doubt about the way they expressed themselves. Indeed one cannot in these distracted days refrain from feeling a certain envy at the simple unity of mind and will which animated Germany on the subject of Poland, and the things which quite ordinary Germans of every shade of political opinion said about Poland, and the intentions to which they gave expression regarding that country are things I would rather not put down on paper.

It is often complained that the conduct of Poland provided some justification for this attitude, and I am inclined to think that in some respects this is true, and that it would perhaps have been demanding rather a lot, in the circumstances, to expect the German socialists to counsel patience and moderation, and to stress the fact that the wrongs of two centuries cannot be righted in a decade. But then the very conception of "socialist" in the sense in which my critics use it implies a man of whom a lot can be expected. It implies a man with a certain vision and idealism for which he is ready to fight and to sacrifice, and my whole point is that if such men existed, they completely failed to do their stuff on the one occasion where this might reasonably have been expected of them. But because people leave Poland out of the picture, because they refuse to see Germany's true face when she turns Eastwards, they get the whole picture out of focus, and pass over one of the most relevant facts of the war as though it simply weren't there.

As a matter of fact this refusal to see Germany's Eastern face is a very ancient blunder which was probably at the bottom of half the antics of British journalism and diplomacy. When Stresemann negotiated the Locarno Pact, finally accepting and stabilizing Germany's Western frontier, the entire press shouted "Now for an Eastern Locarno!" The cry was, of course, met by Germany with suave and smiling silence, while the excellent Stresemann continued to apply to the problem of stabilizing Germany's Eastern frontier and reach-

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ing a permanent understanding with the Poles, exactly the same amount of sympathy and energy, the same diligence and patient perseverance that President Roosevelt is at this moment giving to the project of handing over New Jersey to the Japanese—and the joke of it is that nobody who, like the present writer, knew something of Germany from the inside, and had the privilege of listening to ordinary Germans talking in beer-houses and trams, could possibly have expected anything else.

I suppose the reason why people miss this great body of social and psychological fact is that their view is obstructed by a long line of smiling Germans addicted to Business Efficiency and Water Sanitation, and because they themselves are addicted to these things, they do not bother to look at what is going on at Germany's back door. And yet, I believe that there is another force at work much more deadly and insidious. I believe this tendency to leave Poland out of the picture is due to a feeling, which up till recently was very widespread, that small and even medium sized nations are rather a nuisance anyway, and are more trouble than they are worth.

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This view is usually strengthened by a rather muddled impression that small nations are somehow responsible for wars breaking out. (Did not the last war break out by Belgium going and getting itself invaded?) and there is just enough truth in this, of course, to make the fallacy dangerous. Small nations do become the pawns of power politics, but the notion that if small nations did not exist there would be no power politics has singularly little to recommend it.

In any case the argument is not an argument for abolishing small nations but for mitigating power politics, for it is the small nation that constitutes the absolute value. Indeed small nations constitute a value of their own which is quite irreplaceable. They have the peculiar advantage that they can combine all that is good in the sentiment of nationalism without having to submit to any of its temptations. The peculiar intimacy which members of a small nation feel creates a special sense of brotherhood and kinship which generally expresses itself in a practical manner, and yet is wholly free from the feeling of being a power potential, which has been the curse of Germany, and through Germany the curse of the world.

I have said that this sense of kinship usually expresses itself in practical form, and I think that is far too little realized. I wonder just how many people do realize that countries like Denmark and Norway and Holland and Belgium were in the most literal sense of the word model countries, that their social arrangements, their provision for education, (particularly in the case of Denmark and Norway) were things which any country in the world might study and emulate. But these are merely the material things. There was a spiritual something in the air of these places, a sense of and respect for the great values, that I do not think you will find elsewhere so universal and so strong.

I write with some feeling on these matters, because Britain is on the point of becoming, if not a small country in the full sense of the word, at least something very like it. We have long ceased to be the leading power of the world, and our position after this war will be one in which all our resourcefulness, all our loyalty, our self-discipline, and even our courage will be needed, even if we are only just to maintain ourselves. But all this has very real compensations and already Britain is beginning to experience the atmosphere of the small country with all its own particular vigor and rarity. There is an enhanced sense of being members of one another and of the worth and dignity of each individual. The new and revolutionary educational reforms, which are to provide free education for all up to eighteen (schooling up to sixteen and "People's College" training for the remainder of the time) are all evidence of this, and that is why I, for one, welcome this phase in British history that is now about to begin. It may not be Britain's greatest period, as the school books rate such things, but it will be in many respects the most glorious period and the one in which it is most good to be alive.

The new spirit is apparent all over the place. A short time ago I had the pleasure of meeting one of the leading personalities in British education on the day on which he received his appointment. I asked him what he considered would be the principal aim of his new task. He answered simply and without hesitation "To teach the meaning of Freedom." Now, I do not think that such a man would have given me that answer twenty years ago. It is when you are a small country—or on the way to becoming one—that things like freedom begin to appear to you both precious and precarious, that you begin to teach your children, and go to some trouble about it, the meaning of freedom as an end, and that means that you are at least thinking seriously about human personality, and ordering your communal life, on that basis.

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I do not wish here to give the impression that all small countries have the qualities which I have here pointed out as being peculiar to a few of them. Indeed, I should be the first to admit that Poland, around which I started writing this article, was not in every respect a successful country. This is not the time to stress the shortcomings of that unhappy land, and if I do so, it is only

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because I know too well that hordes of League of Nations officials would rush in to point out these facts if I omitted to mention them. But that does not affect my argument, namely, that small countries are the special breeding ground of certain qualities and a certain outlook, and I am wondering, I am wondering very anxiously whether the world realizes this.

As I sat with Dr. Simpson in his office adjoining the great vaulted library of Aberdeen University, and he spoke to me of that curious palimpsest of Scottish history, I thought not only of Poland—I thought of England. I wondered whether one day men will let the light go out of my country too, and whether she too will become the sort of place that she might in certain circumstances become, in view of her peculiar history—a romantic setting for the homes of millionaires, an exporter of shady duchesses, meanly capitalizing on the credit of Dickens and Shakespeare, because there was nothing else to capitalize.

Well, before that happens I hope I shall be dead, but I know this—if the world lets it happen, the world will have lost something. For of this I am certain: The test whether a great country is really working for the happiness and advancement of men is the extent to which it respects the values which small countries seem especially to enshrine, and by some strange process, the less it respects those values, the less acute does its discernment become in matters affecting its own survival. And so if one day people start saying "Oh bother Britain" in the same kind of tone that many of us (in Britain as well as in America) said "Oh bother Poland," it will be a sign that other things than Britain are in danger.

China's Democratic Tradition

Freedom of speech is no new invention

The Most Reverend Paul Yu-Pin

WE ARE faced today with a rather serious danger. There is a chance that in winning the war, we may lose the peace—that in winning our war in foreign lands, we may lose our war at home. For this present conflict is a double war, one against an external enemy, totalitarianism, the other against an internal enemy, the lust for power. Unfortunately the only way to defeat the first is to come to terms with the second. The only way to wage an effective war against the totalitarian nations is to build up an equally powerful machine which necessitates centralization and the curbing of many democratic liberties. The question that will face us after the war is whether in building up this nation of power and centralization, we have not created the same totalitarianism we have tried to destroy. The question involves the very existence of democracy, and our future will be assured only in the measure that we have maintained the spirit of democracy. It is this only that will temper our present restrictive legislation and bring us back to our original democratic liberties.

What is essential, therefore, to the world of today, is not the form of democracy, but its spirit. It is this we are fighting for. It is this that marks the bond between the United States and China. Too frequently we speak glibly of democracy, of making the world safe for democracy, without knowing clearly what we have in mind. If our intention is to impose some particular form of government on a nation, then we are no better than the nations we are fighting, who themselves wish to impose forms of government on smaller nations. Actually we wish to insure them popular sovereignty and this we frequently confuse with democracy. They are not the same. We are accustomed to think of democracy in terms of Lincoln's triad, "of the people, by the people, for the people." But in this triad, the only element that bespeaks a democratic form of government is "by the people." The expression "of the people" indicates merely that the people are the objects of the government, but this is common to every kind of good government. The expression "for the people" assures us that the government is for the common good, but this again is not peculiar to democracy; any good government is for the welfare of the people.

Hence in these two aspects we have merely the elements of popular sovereignty, namely, that the government is exercised for the common good, that it is representative in the sense that the ruler (whether the form be democratic, monarchic or oligarchic) rules in place of the people and in their name, and that it gets its authority from the people. This popular sovereignty is what Saint Thomas taught as common to all forms of good government. We know that Saint Thomas in his writings expressed two different opinions about

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the best form of government. In his "De Regimine Principum" he declares for a monarchy, while in the "Summa" he holds that a mixed form is best. However, whether the form be monarchic, democratic or mixed, he holds that it must be founded in popular sovereignty. In speaking of the right ordering of rulers in a nation or state, he remarks that "all should have some share in the government, for this form of government insures peace among the people, commends itself to all, and is more enduring." And in a remarkable passage in the "Summa," he proposes a mixed form of government that foreshadows your own American Republic.

"The best form of government is in a state or kingdom wherein one is given the power to preside over all, while under him are others having governing powers. Yet a government of this kind is shared by all, because all are eligible to govern, and because the rulers are chosen by all. This is the best form of polity, being partly kingdom, since there is one at the head of all; partly aristocracy, in so far as a number of persons are set in authority; partly democratic, that is government by the people, in so far as the rulers can be chosen from the people and the people have the right to choose their rulers." It is this popular sovereignty rather than the form of democracy that we are trying to assure its place in the world. And this is what the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, had in mind in his New Year's day speech when he said: "As to what form of government Japan should adopt, that is a question that can better be left for an awakened and repentant Japanese people to decide for themselves. . . . If the Japanese people should rise in revolution to punish their war mongers and overthrow their militarist government, we will respect their spontaneous will and allow them to choose their own form of government." If we guarantee popular sovereignty, we will guarantee the spirit of democracy and the spirit of personal liberty which finds its source and justification in the Christian concept of the dignity of the human soul.

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To win our double war then, at home as well as abroad, our first preoccupation should be to maintain the spirit of democracy and respect for the worth of the individual. And strange to say, it is here that China has her greatest contribution to make. Madame Chiang, long before the United Nations had joined China in her struggle against invasion, could say: "To my mind, our destiny is with the democracies, because our people are inherently democratic in nature and spirit. If we survive, we have the opportunity to become a great organized democracy. That is, of course, if democracy itself survives in the world."

It may surprise you that a nation which has been an empire for thousands of years should claim to be democratic in spirit. Yet this will seem quite natural if you but consider that respect for the individual, which is the basis of democracy, has been fundamental in Chinese philosophy from its very beginning. An old Chinese proverb has crystallized the spirit of the nation. "The people are more worthy than the ruler." And again, "The king is the boat, the common people the water. The water can support the boat or capsize it." The emperor and his subjects were considered as composing one large family, and the happiness and prosperity of the populace were the criteria by which the emperor was judged. When the empire was not run for the good of the people, the emperor was considered to have lost the mandate of Heaven and his removal ceased to be rebellion. This reminds us of Saint Thomas's passage on the removal of tyrants. "It must not be thought that . . . the multitude is acting unfaithfully in deposing a tyrant . . . because he himself has deserved that the covenant with his subjects should not be kept, since, in ruling the multitude, he did not act faithfully as the office of king demands." Chiang Kai-shek in his speech of October 10 of last year cites China's traditional democratic spirit. "As far back as 3,000 years ago, when writing was invented in China, there were already manifestations of democratic ideas. The Kao Yao Mu in the Book of History says: 'The wisdom of Heaven is reflected by the wisdom of the people and the reward or punishment of Heaven is based on the judgment of the people.' Confucius says: 'Love what the people love and hate what the people hate.' And Mencius (300 B. C.) says: 'The people are the most important element in the nation.'"

Nor were these ideas confined merely to the realm of theory. China's civil service system, itself one of the most striking proofs of her democratic spirit, guaranteed the execution of these ideas. From the seventh to the twentieth centuries China's governmental leaders were chosen from among the people, without regard to wealth, by examinations based on the classics. The political philosophy, therefore, of the leaders was that of the classics, namely the traditional doctrine that "the people are the most important element in the nation."

Nor was the education leading to governmental positions restricted. The poorest boy, provided he had ability, could rise to the highest position. It was a common practice for the small villages to sponsor their promising students that they might qualify for the government examinations. While education was not universal in the sense that everyone was educated, it was certainly democratic in the sense that anyone could be educated.

Freedom of speech is almost as old as China. It made possible the "hundred schools" of philo-

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sophic thought during the most critical period of China's intellectual formation (600-220 B. C.) We read that during that time the various schools of thought, Confucianist, Taoist, Legalist and many others, lived side by side, all pursuing their way without restriction save that which overpowering argument would impose. This is certainly a manifest proof of a remarkable spirit of tolerance. When from time to time some imperial régime thought to impose restrictions on freedom of speech, the Chinese temper and training were so adverse that these laws had to be repealed almost immediately. A proverb almost as old as China runs: "It is easier to stop the river than the mouths of the people." And under an imperial régime, Huang Tsung-hsi (1607-1694) could teach: "The people are the hosts, the ruler the guest; the hosts always live in the house, while the guest may be invited to stay or asked to leave."

The power of criticism was so respected that an imperial board of censors was set up to call the emperor to task. How well these men did their duty is attested by history. They often risked the emperor's displeasure and consequently their lives, yet they never ceased criticizing what they judged wrong. Nor did any emperor ever dare rid himself of this method of correction. So firmly implanted in the Chinese system did it become, that even today it remains one of the five departments of the modern Chinese government. And Chiang Kai-shek in his speech of October 10 but re-echoed the spirit of his people when he said: "If I should ever transgress the limit of my power, it is the duty of every citizen to censure and correct me."

It is curious also that while China has been a monarchy for thousands of years, from the year 221 B. C. the emperor has had very little real influence in the direction of the people. He represented the people before Heaven, issued exhortations and collected taxes, but the people actually governed themselves in their towns and villages. Probably no people has been less governed by a central government than the people of China. In the towns and villages where democracy reigned, the leaders were elected from the more ancient or more learned and controlled those under them more by prestige than by force. China has never maintained a police force. Moral pressure was brought to bear on individuals through family solidarity. So effective were these village units that modern China has made them the basis of her democratic system.

What we have shown thus far is that China has possessed the democratic spirit and that it is inbred in her civilization. But what about the form of democracy? Here there is need for explanation. China does not yet possess the form of democracy, but she has it as her aim and is rapidly progressing toward its realization. Her revolution of 1911 is meaningless unless it terminates in full democracy. However, Rome was not built in a day, and neither can an empire of thousands of years be turned overnight into a functioning democracy. Even the most cursory knowledge of what China has been through since the founding of the Republic in 1911 will convince anyone of her good will and remarkable progress. Until 1927 she was torn asunder not only by the wars of independent warlords, but by the intrigues of foreign nations as well.

Since 1927, under the leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, she has made wonderful progress in every way, particularly when we take into account the Japanese invasion in 1931 and the continual threat of further encroachment which in 1937 became open war. Yet in spite of all this, China has moved toward the realization of her democratic ideals and has prepared a constitution that would do credit to any democracy. Chiang Kai-shek has promised that one year after the end of the war, the People's Congress will be convened to usher in the constitutional period of full democracy.

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It will be worth our while here to take a glance at China's Draft Constitution, and to see how thoroughly it agrees with Catholic principles. To begin with, it calls for full democracy, not only in spirit, but also in the form of government. It draws its power from the people, as the opening words of the preamble clearly state: "By virtue of the mandate received from the whole body of citizens . . . the People's Congress of the Republic of China hereby ordains and enacts this Constitution." Its first article informs us that the "Republic of China is a San Min Chu I Republic." This means that the new China will be built on the Three People's Principles drawn up by Sun Yat-sen and which served as the Magna Charta of the Chinese Revolution. The first of these principles, nationalism, aims to make China an entirely independent state, free from the control of any country or nation. The second principle, democracy, is to give China a state in which its sovereignty will be vested in the body of its citizens. The third principle, livelihood, is to improve China's social and economic systems so that all the people will be able to find the means of gaining a living and securing their existence. The Constitution then goes on to guarantee personal liberty, freedom from arrest, freedom of domicile, of speech, secrecy of correspondence, freedom of assembly, freedom of religious belief, and the right to exercise the powers of election, recall, initiative and referendum.

Two sections of the Constitution are particularly worthy of note, those dealing with the na-

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tional economic life and education. It would be quite possible to parallel almost every statement of these sections with some quotation from Papal documents. However, we will mention only the more important items. Article 121 reads: "The State may, in accordance with law, regulate private wealth and enterprises when such wealth and enterprises are considered detrimental to the balanced development of national economic life." How close this is to the words of Pius XI (Quadragesimo Anno): "The riches that economic-social developments constantly increase ought to be so distributed among individual persons and classes that the common advantage of all will be safeguarded." Leo XIII wrote (Rerum Novarum): "Neither capital can do without labor, nor labor without capital." And Article 125 reads: "Labor and capital shall, in accordance with the principles of mutual help and cooperation, develop together productive enterprises." One need only read the sections of the Quadragesimo Anno and Rerum Novarum dealing with bettering the lot of the working class to see how much in accord are the following articles of the Draft Constitution. "In order to improve the workers' living conditions, increase their productive ability and relieve unemployment, the State shall enforce labor protective policies. Women and children shall be afforded special protection in accordance with their age and physical condition" (Article 124). "In order to promote agricultural development and the welfare of the farming population, the State shall improve rural economic and living conditions and increase farming efficiency by employment of scientific farming" (Article 128). "The State shall give suitable relief to the aged, feeble, or disabled who are incapable of earning a living" (Article 128).

The articles on education are equally impressive. Education is to be for all, should develop patriotism and morality and train the people to be good and intelligent citizens. "Children between six and twelve years old shall receive elementary education free of tuition" (Article 134). "All persons over school age who have not received an elementary education shall receive supplementary education free of tuition" (Article 134). And Article 137 provides that "education appropriations shall constitute no less than fifteen per cent of the total amount of the budget of the Central government, and no less than thirty percent of the total amount of the provincial, district, and municipal budgets respectively."

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These are some of the items of China's Draft Constitution which if approved one year after the war, will govern China's millions. How democratic they are, how thoroughly moral, is evident to anyone taking the trouble to read them. There are skeptics who claim that China will never reach a constitutional period. We have only their word against the proven sincerity of China's leaders. It is unbelievable that the last ten years of intensive training and directed enthusiasm for formal democracy, coupled with the traditional democratic spirit of the Chinese, should bring forth anything less than a true democracy.

China, therefore, has something to offer to the cause of the United Nations and to the peace of the world. When totalitarianism has been crushed by force of arms and nations find themselves at grips with the spirit of power that has grown fat on their emergency, then they will welcome as their most powerful ally the nation that for centuries has taught the dignity of man and has preserved in the midst of a monarchy a genuine and living spirit of democracy.

Communications

FRANCO'S PRISONS
PEACE WITH GERMANY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Would you permit me to make two clarifications in your columns—the first personal, and relating to my article, "Franco's Prisons" (December 31, 1943), and the second relating to F. W. Foerster's "Peace with Germany" (January 7).

A number of persons have asked me how I, as a Catholic, happened to become a prisoner of Franco. I escaped to Spain from France long after the armistice—in May, 1941—and was interned despite the fact that I had a Spanish transit visa. If I was not actually turned over to the Germans, it was not through the merit of any Spanish authority. But I should like to emphasize that what I wrote in my article principally referred to Spanish prisoners, from whom, strangely enough, we were never separated. The treatment of foreigners, however, was better than that of Spaniards. There is no doubt that many political refugees and Allied soldiers escaped through Spain, with or without detention in camps, and in this connection the record of the Spanish government was no worse than that of almost any other European country except Portugal. Especially I should like to record that I never saw any evidence of anti-Semitism on the part of Spanish authorities in their treatment of refugees.

I have always had great admiration for Professor F. W. Foerster, and I read with interest his article on Germany, which is certainly useful in correcting certain widespread illusions on the German problem. Yet I have also long been a personal friend of the former Reich Chancellor Wirth. I believe it is very doubtful whether he ever made the statement quoted by Dr. Foerster from the *Luzerner-Tageblatt,* in which he is quoted as saying: "As to German rearmament, Hitler only continued the work which was started by the Weimar Republic . . . etc." So far as I can remember, that newspaper did not publish this statement as having been formally prepared, but rather as a digest of a personal conversation someone had had

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with the Chancellor. In our own numerous and very friendly private talks, Wirth most certainly never said anything of the sort, or indeed anything which would have permitted me to conclude that he harbored such ideas. As late as May, 1940, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, Oberkirch, definitely not a pro-German, remarked to me that Wirth had been cleared of all accusations of this nature, and that in his opinion, Wirth had never made any such statement, even in private conversation. I say this not because I wish to attack Professor Foerster's views on Germany, or still less because I fully agreed with Dr. Wirth, but simply because I wish to defend a personal friend of whom I have always thought very highly and who now cannot defend himself.

KLAUS DOHRN.

PILLAR OF DEMOCRACY

New Hampton, Iowa.

TO the Editors: I write relative to your article "Pillar of Democracy" (December 17, 1943), concerning the Farm Security Administration. Your writer, "Rural Observer," takes the attitude that good has been done and in this I concur, differing somewhat in degree. Perhaps the good done justifies the cost of FSA, though in this letter I am not concerned with that. I am concerned with certain statements made about banks and bankers.

In considering the Farm Security Administration and farmers in general, just what type of bank is involved? Certainly it is not the city institution, the large bank of Chicago or New York. It must be the farmer's bank, the so-called country bank, the bank in New Hampton, Iowa, or other small towns in South Carolina, Wisconsin or Tennessee. Therefore, this vicious denunciation of the banker is directed squarely at the banker in the little town, who knows every farmer in his territory by his first name and calls him Tom, Bill or Jack. He knows the farmer's wife, knew both their families before they married, knows the ages of their children, probably wrote a reference letter for the boy in the Army, maybe sat in the next pew in church last Sunday. He probably discussed his life insurance with the farmer, likely helped him make out his income tax return, advised him to vaccinate his hogs against cholera and knows just how many cows he has.

Is this only a hoax? Is that dastardly banker secretly twitching his moustache, waiting to foreclose the mortgage? I quote from "Pillar of Democracy": "Now banks, which a few short years ago would not allow farmers to enter their doors, again were seeking farmer patronage. . . . The farmer, whom they had once bled almost to death, had blood in his veins again; and the leeches were again demanding the right to feed. . . . It (the Cooley Committee) would replace humanized credit with bank credit which had proved the undoing of so many farmers."

The period of the early thirties was a tragic one for the farmers. They were debt ridden, terrifically involved, owed here, there and everywhere. They were helpless to work themselves out, so where did they go? They went to their banker. In the early thirties, I and my associates spent many hours with our farmer friends, attempting to adjust their problems and certainly they were serious ones.

We worked many a night with them and their creditors, arranged settlements, worried and fretted to combine their debts and square them around. In this we were not unusual; it was the everyday routine of the country banker, throughout the nation. Many a farmer, prosperous today, can and does thank his banker for the fact that he didn't go on relief in the early thirties. Aside from thanks, we received no compensation. Why did we do it? Simply because these people were, and are, our friends. The country bank is a small institution, human, personal.

To loan the farmer money, the country banker must know him well, must know his character, his ability and his capacity. The relationship is close and intimate. If anyone doubts the relationship between the country banker and the farmer, let him stand around a country bank for one day. He will observe many farmers in for the banker's advice and assistance, often on problems quite remote from banking. He will witness many an interview out of which the banker gains nothing but friendship. I think he will find the atmosphere friendly and cordial, little to justify the malicious and vitriolic statements quoted above.

THE COMMONWEAL has done the country banker a serious injustice. Please note well that no other banker but the country banker is involved. This concerns Main Street, not Wall Street. It is tragic that your writer, who knows so little of the relationship between the farmer and the country banker, is allowed to make such vicious and irresponsible assertions. The least you can do is modernize him just a bit. The mortgage foreclosing melodrama of the gay nineties is just slightly out of date.

J. F. KENNEDY.

Brooks, Minn.

TO the Editor: It was a surprise to read in your magazine that some readers took objection to your opposition to the Farm Bloc. Where and what have such people been reading? Don't they know yet what the Farm Bloc is? Any time such jolly good fellows as the American Bankers Association, the Chambers of Commerce and Insurance Companies gather round the hencoop, it is hard to believe the convention meets for the good of the hen.

Even up here we thought at times we heard bankers softly intoning a dirge. And that can mean nothing but the farmer drawing the baneful interest of the group. The monied interests have moaned since last spring that the farmer is paying his debts and the bank loans are practically nil in this region. But our monied interest can't see it that way. Eight percent loans are no longer required. The bankers, however, can still join the W. P. A.

If there was nothing else but the fact that the Farm Bureau officials appear to be representative of the F. B., i.e., Farm Bloc, that would be sufficient to betray the ruling spirit of the Farm Bloc. Many members of the Farm Bureau have seen fit to oppose all cooperatives here not directly under their thumb. And their contact with the County Agents is too well known to require more space.

Some of these dear chaps have attempted the communist stunt of boring from within. The men of this community, however, bored them from without. But you would be surprised by the schemes of some Farm Bureau members.

Last summer we had one of the national representatives in the woodshed. And it was only Catholic courtesy that

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prevented his being salted for good. (I am still a little sorry we didn't finish the job while we had him there.)

But there; you know all that, so why bother you with it? I hope THE COMMONWEAL will continue in this matter with all the fearlessness so characteristic of it. I would like some more articles like "Pillar of Democracy," only with a little more daring.

And please believe me when I say that the article was frank and honest, pleasantly courteous. Anyone finding fault with it (at least with its spirit) must have a finger in the Farm Bloc pie. The courtesy and gentleness of that article should elicit nothing but a gentelman's remonstrance, if anything.

I hope we will see more of the rural in your splendid paper. REV. LOUIS E. PROULX.

THE DARK CONTINENT

Taos, N. M.

TO the Editors: Since I value the friendship of both Mr. Sullivan and Dr. Pick, and respect them as unusually skillful writers, it is with some reluctance that I suggest that Dr. Pick missed somewhat the allegorical implications of Mr. Sullivan's "The Dark Continent."

It is, true, a simple book about simple people, even typical ones, as Dr. Pick points out. But it must be evaluated to some extent against the background of Mr. Sullivan's previous work, which has appeared in the *Yale Review,* the old *Scribner's,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *New Republic,* etc. Since Mr. Sullivan possesses the qualities that enable him to appear in such magazines—indeed, with the exception of George N. Shuster, no other Catholic writer in this country has appeared so often in the better secular magazines—there must be a reason for the simple characters and seemingly obvious pattern of events in "The Dark Continent." The reason is that the whole point of the book is our unawareness of that which is commonly good, our toleration of the commonly evil. Rafferty, on the dark continent of these largely unrealized values, is everyman. It is too bad that Mr. Sullivan had to choose so obvious a device to make his point, but it must be remembered that he has written an allegory rather than a novel, the publisher's blurb notwithstanding. But then, neither Dr. Pick nor myself nor any of us is the first to be misled by a publisher's blurb. It must always be remembered that publishers' blurbs are written by people hand-picked for their bird-brainedness and their natural—and even valuable—ability to distort a thing until it seems something else, something that the publishers fondly hope and believe is what the book-buying public would like to think it was buying. HARRY SYLVESTER.

SAVOY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: A number of newspaper and magazine articles have called for the liquidation of the Italian monarchy because of the part it played at the birth of fascism. Now, unless I am completely mistaken, the régimes of Messrs. Hitler and Pétain had republics for their midwives. If our "liberals" wish to be consistent, then, they should at the same time advocate a return to monarchy in France and Germany. And why not liquidate Benedetto Croce? He is the spiritual and intellectual father of the philosopher Gentile, the theoretician of fascism. If you forgive Croce on the ground that he is an innocent and intellectual old hen who has hatched out a duckling, cannot as much be said for the House of Savoy?

REV. JEAN C. DE MENASCE.

The Stage & Screen

Storm Operation

I DON'T KNOW whether it is its futility or its seeming authenticity which is the most disheartening aspect of Maxwell Anderson's play. Adroitly swaddled in advance publicity which credited General Dwight Eisenhower with its plan of attack and called upon Sergeant Marion Hargrove for his considered approval of the result, the piece covers the African Invasion to present an American 1st Sergeant left in charge of his company at a ticklish moment and simultaneously embroiled in a dual conflict: whether to abide by the rules and continue in a job too big for him or to surrender command to an obnoxious visiting English captain of superior experience; and whether to marry his girl on the spot and thereby secure her, or merely to let the decision slide with the knowledge that there are further pickings elsewhere. A semi-theme is provided by the girl herself who, coincidence has it, has been the sweetheart of both men and is therefore able to indulge in such incredible statements as that after *this* war, a girl will no longer be merely a piece of property to be shunted from hand to hand as though she had no mind of her own—this in spite of the fact that two eternal acts, a prologue and an epilogue are largely dependent upon her having no mind at all. And, oh yes, there is a sort of underplot concerning still another Yank Sergeant (Technical this time, and the funnyman of the piece) who buys himself an Arab wife for quite honest purposes and whose later tragedy is largely caused by her death at the hands of a nazi plane-gunner's bullets.

From this plethora of subject, situation, accident and cliché all wrapped in the rigmarole syntax he has made so especially his own, Mr. Anderson's main conclusion seems to be that the average American soldier is a dope but a nice one; that he is capable of learning through experience; that his opinion of the war is that of a job to be got over as quickly as possible; and that, in order to accomplish this, it is better for him to have someone, preferably a wife, in the background to root him to life and the subsequent peace. And that this conclusion is supposedly drawn not from the imagination or lack of imagination of the writer but rather from a much publicized and certainly expensive tour of the battleground in question, certainly necessitates some estimate of the negative implications of the play. For the trick is that Mr. Anderson's findings do not differ largely from those of other (I use the adjective deliberately) journalists in the foreground of the news at the moment, except (and the exception is the

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point) that he submits them without spoken or implied comment. Aside from a small scene involving a German prisoner and designed only to prove English efficiency as opposed to American naïveté, not once does his script name the enemy as Fascist or Nazi, not once does it present him as other than a gun or a plane. To this evidence of our soldiers' ignorance of the significance of the war, the despairing civilian looking on at "Storm Operation" can only oppose his own personal news from the front plus the mounting conviction that Mr. Anderson must be as poor a reporter as he is a playwright. Which is, I think, exactly the case. Since, if the journalistic aspects of the piece are true, the play emerges not only as a bad joke but as a dishonest one, important only in its omissions. And if the reportage is honestly incomplete, designed only to cover a particular military operation in a particular terrain, the author has merely fumbled again, presenting innumerable small scenes of talk rather than action, innumerable small incidents rather than a single situation. Far and away the most over-produced of our dramatists, Mr. Anderson's record begins brilliantly with "What Price Glory" (in collaboration with Laurence Stallings), travels through a number of works safely based in history and memorable chiefly for great acting performance, through a number of further works interesting because of his preoccupation with applying (wrongly I think) the techniques of poetry to the stage, and approaches our time with the production in as many years of three Second-World-War vehicles not one of which begins to justify its intention as propaganda or entertainment. (Although I do think it fair to list the "Eve of St. Mark" as an emotional if confused experience in the theater.) That he is over-produced is unquestionably his own arrangement and springs, one can only imagine, from a growing desire to sell rather than to think and write; a pretty shabby idea, as shabby as the material it produces. Time and reflection are my only suggestions to Mr. Anderson for his professional salvation. I think he should find that at least a little busy silence would strengthen his public.

I do not like to close this already too prolonged review without some mention of the actors. In one of the longest parts ever written, Myron McCormick as the Sergeant does a most skillful job although I think he is in danger of becoming mannered in phrasing—a fault undoubtedly due to Mr. Anderson's manner of writing. The extraordinary complex sentences do demand a monotonous technical facility from an actor whereby somehow or other, the main clause is hammered out at the audience while its numerous dependents are thrown away over the shoulder or merely muttered under the breath. Not having seen Gertrude Musgrove before, I don't think it fair to judge her on the basis of such a scattered part as the Australian Nurse; however I am curious to learn whether her expression of solid disdain is a permanent part of her equipment, or merely a comment on her present surroundings. Interesting. Cy Howard was both moving and funny as the American Technical Sergeant, and although the sight-lines at the Belasco are abominable, preventing me ever from seeing it in its entirety, I thought Howard Bay's set looked authentic and provided a good ground-plan. (*At the Belasco.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Not for Fraidy Cats

HOLLYWOOD thinks up various ways of scaring its audiences. In two new films the unsubtle attack is used, but it succeeds in getting in some good scarey stuff. I prefer the suggestive approach as exemplified by Alfred Hitchcock in "Shadow of a Doubt" to the literal technique used in *"The Lodger"* and *"The Uninvited,"* but even so I found enough thrills in these new films to consider them absorbing, macabre movies and unusual escapist entertainment for adults who are looking for this kind of divertissement.

With "The Lodger," I made the mistake of reading the novel before seeing the film and frequently I found myself comparing the two and preferring Marie Belloc-Lowndes's original. Here is a psychological horror story that still stands as one of the best of its kind. Barre Lyndon, who wrote the screenplay, was evidently afraid to let the vague motives of Mrs. Lowndes's Jack-the-Ripper killer stand in the movie; he seemed to think it necessary to build up a tale about a brother to whom the Lodger was devoted and for whose ill-treatment by an actress the Lodger was out to polish off all actresses of the drunk or sober variety. This interest in actresses may have been established to create more suspense for the rôle played by Merle Oberon, who portrays the landlord's niece famous for her can-can. In cinematizing Mrs. Lowndes's book, the emphasis has been diverted considerably from the landlord and his wife; the story was really about this impoverished pair and their suspicions and fears concerning their lodger; now it centers about this dancer and the killer. As the movie stands, however, it is still an interesting study in fanaticism. Perhaps Laird Cregar puts a little too much ham into his characterization of the wild-eyed killer, particular in the last part of the film when he gets organized on Merle as his next victim; but the Cregar voice is perfect in the Scripture-quoting episodes. Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood are exceedingly effective as the middle-class couple who run the house that is thrown into such a turmoil by its one queer lodger; but I still think the film could have been much better if they had been its leading characters and had been allowed to show us how they suffered in conflict between their sense of duty and their need for the rent money. While Merle Oberon is pretty in the leading rôle, her portrayal is on the cold side and her can-can exhibitions are interesting not in themselves but only because the sedate Miss Oberon is doing the dance. George Sanders, whose specialty seems to be detectives, makes what he can of the rather small rôle as an investigator of all the seamy goings-on. Director John Brahm manages to keep us interested even though we suspect the Lodger from the beginning. Alfred Hitchcock directed this same story many years ago in England. Since I have not seen his version I cannot say how it differs from Mr. Brahm's, but I am told it was pretty arty. I'll bet however that he retained Mrs. Lowndes's wonderful and mysterious vagueness and psychological build-up. The new film seems a bit longish, but I wouldn't omit one scene that displays any of the excellent early 1900 interior sets which are half of the fun of this jolly little chiller film.

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"The Uninvited" is a modern ghost story. I have not read Dorothy Macardle's novel on which Dodie Smith and Jack Partos based their screenplay, so I cannot compare them; but readers of the original tell me the film is faithful and a bit disappointing. This is no doubt due to the fact that everything is so literal. The ghosts actually take shape; the ouija board actually spells things out. You don't smell the odor of mimosa that pervades the haunted house in which all this occurs, but everything else is so vivid that you almost think you smell it. In fact it is all pretty frightening and some of it will make your blood run cold regardless of your refusal to believe in ghosts. This is really the story of a house—a house full of malignity toward a girl. A brother and sister rent the place in spite of the stories about it and they go about trying to dispel the fear and fascination that the house has over their young neighbor. Since the story in this film is so tricky, it would be unfair for me to tell too much. Let it suffice to say that Charles Brackett's production is exceedingly sound with much atmosphere of the Cornish Coast, spooky interiors, flickery candles and screams. Lewis Allen has directed his cast well. Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey, Donald Crisp and Alan Napier go through all the hokum with the right amount of doubt and conviction. Cornelia Otis Skinner is somewhat theatrical in her first movie appearance, but then her rôle is the most melodramatic in the whole film. Gail Russell is lovely as the young girl who is fought over by not one but two ghosts and whose victory depends greatly on the normalcy of the couple who inhabit the house. Some of the ghost stuff and ouija trappings are rather trying to watch, particularly in a film that expects us to accept them, but if audiences remember that this is only a tale told to provide a few moment of escape from reality, the occult hokum will not be considered seriously. This film's successful portrayal of a struggle between good and evil makes one wonder if Hollywood shouldn't consider "The Turn of the Screw" as material. PHILIP HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

LANGUAGES FOR WAR AND PEACE. *Mario A. Pei. Vanni.* $5.00.

WINTER WHEAT. *Mildred Walker. Harcourt.* $2.50.

Languages in the World

TELUGU and Cheremiss and Buryat or Amharic and Quechua and Pushtu—these are names which designate ordered sounds by means of which men and women in one land or another pledge their true love, mourn their dead, instruct their children. There are other such names which are better known to us: French, Russian, German English, Spanish, Portuguese. There is also Pidgin English, Pidgin Dutch, petit nègre. Many variants of pidgin. In Chinese-English Pidgin there is this charming and expressive phrase "top-side piecee Heaven-pidgin man" which means a Bishop. In Beche la Mer or "Sandalwood English" (Samoa, Tahiti, etc.), "water belong stink" means perfume, "apple belong stink" means onion. These phrases taken from "Languages for War and Peace" seem to pertain to peace rather than to war. And probably it is unfair to start playing round with some of the more useless but charming details to be found in this highly comprehensive volume.

The author intends it to "serve the purpose of giving the reader the elementary linguistic consciousness that the soldier of today needs in his military activities on foreign soil and that the man and woman of tomorrow will need in a world destined, by reason of the constant advances in our mechanical civilization and spiritual point of view, to become more and more a single political, economic and cultural unit." But such a tone, on the other hand, seems to us too serious. Professor Pei of Columbia provides a description of the languages spoken all over the world; a twenty page outline of pronounciation, writing and grammar for each of the world's seven key languages; a basic vocabulary and set of phrases and sentences for each of these languages; a concise description of over thirty minor languages, "enabling the reader to tell at a glance whether he is faced with Czech or Polish, Norwegian or Icelandic, Turkish or Persian, Burmese or Malay." The sentence quoted is taken from the publisher's announcement and it gives an excellent idea of the possibly embarrassing situations possession of the book will avoid. But there is a little trouble here: the book contains seven hundred pages, sixteen maps; it is cloth bound and our review copy weighs exactly two pounds, six ounces. Although it is quite possible that the "man or woman of tomorrow" traveling in that wonderful world of tomorrow foreseen in Professor Pei's preface will be able to carry this book on his or her voyage, it is much less likely that it will be a welcome addition to the soldier's pack journeying in the world of today. Assuming that the soldier will read it before he sets forth, there is still the difficulty that in general he is not told where he is going and therefore unless he can pack all the vocabularies of all the languages in his mind (together with the Russian script and the Chinese and the Arabic), he may still, even after judicious choice and arduous study, find himself suddenly "faced with" a native to whom he cannot speak.

So that on the whole this looks more like a book for home use and armchair travel. As such it is completely delightful. It is an introduction to a world still un-united by our "mechanical civilization" or by our "spiritual point of view." A world whose diversity shows most clearly in its diverse speech. A Babel of a world. Professor Pei's book is like a geography of language; it is as if you were looking at a globe of the world with all the countries of the world in their different colors emerging from a sea which always is blue, and when you looked at one of these countries you could open Professor Pei's book at the right page and build up a conversation with someone in a desert, in the Himalayan glaciers, in the dark African forest. Of course after these somewhat marginal remarks it may be useful to say that if anyone wants to use this book for the practical purposes for which it is designed he will find it an excellent manual, excellently arranged, clear and informative. The point we wanted to make is that it is not dull.

Vacant Spaces

THE traditional college student of both fact and fiction often returns home with a sense of disdain for the way of life which had been the delight of his youth. Ellen Webb, the heroine of Mildred Walker's "Winter Wheat," is different. Here is a brief summary of her reactions: "Everything looked beautiful to me. I went out to see if the wild flowers on the prairie were still in bloom.

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The grass wasn't very green, but there were bright yellow and blue and pink patches. I went up on the rimrock and felt the sun and looked way off to the mountains. It was almost as though I told all the places I loved that I'd be back and bring Gil. It had been a late spring. I helped plant the low field to wheat that week and I ran the harrow. It was so good to be out of a town and to wear only a shirt and a pair of jeans and sneakers."

But Gil's arrival changed things. He is appalled by the monotonous, lonely life of a wheat ranch in Montana. Ellen's rough, peasant mother has something to do with it, but it is the Webbs' whole manner of existence that strikes him as such a blight. Not only does Ellen never regain the youthful breathlessness with which she reacted to so many aspects of the life she loved, but for the reader the feeling grows with disturbing certainty that the grind and solitude of such a way of life can only be depressing. Ellen ascribes it all to an unhappy relationship between her parents, which Gil sensed, but that seems to be largely a product of her own imagination.

Even more disturbing to the romanticizing of a home on the lone prairie is Ellen's winter as a country school teacher. Weekends this attractive and energetic young woman was completely alone in the tiny schoolhouse in which she lived and taught. The nearest neighbor was literally miles away. As Miss Walker conceives her leading character, Ellen loves solitude and is particularly anxious to be away from her home just then, but even so the extent to which she and others in those vast stretches of countryside are for hours on end without human companionship evokes the strongest sense of pity. It all seems so real.

While the Biblical injunction as to man's sociable proclivities usually comes to mind in connection with getting married, it is apposite for rural life. "Winter Wheat" is light reading and a tender love story, not a sociological treatise on the subject. But what begins as a glorification of the poetry of life on a Western farm develops into a depressingly realistic picture of seldom relieved monotony. Where farms and ranches are so large, isolation is peculiarly acute; lack of companionship when boys from the region are going off to war is even greater. Yet this novel provides only an exaggerated picture of the great need on the American countryside generally: the educational, religious and social facilities that would make life more bearable for the young people born on American farms.

More Books of the Week

Heart of Europe. An Anthology of Creative Writing in Europe, 1920-1940. *Edited by Klaus Mann and Hermann Kesten. Fischer.* $5.00.

I DO NOT pretend to have read this 970-page collection of writings by 160 Europeans from 21 different countries but here and there I have read enough of the stories, poems, criticism to know that I do not like the title of the book. The "Heart of Europe"—I do not think that the writings collected here represent the heart of Europe; I do not think that the writers who compose the French section represent the heart of France, or the writers who compose the Italian section represent the heart of Italy. It is not a question of who has been selected to represent a "heart" or who has been left out: it is just that I do not think that a page taken out of Proust represents the heart of Proust or a hundred lines taken out of Maritain's life work the heart of Maritain.

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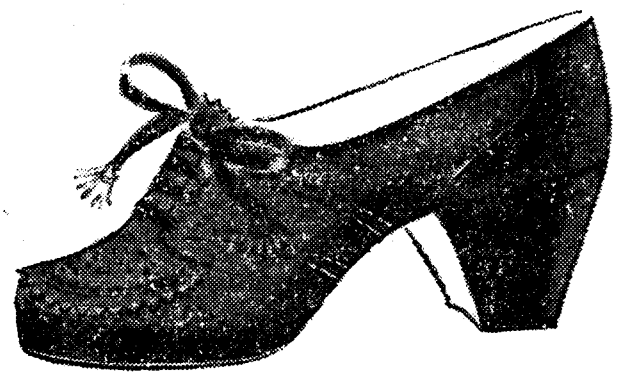

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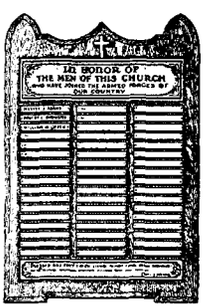

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CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

I do not think that Maritain or Proust desire to have their hearts in an anthology of hearts. I do not think that the one hundred and sixty hearts brought here together from Sweden and from Greece, from Bulgaria and from Belgium, from Prussia and from Portugal can beat together in unison, and it does not seem to me possible that all of these disparate hearts can be grouped to form anything but a rhetorical metaphor. In spite of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's rather strenuous preface.

This "Heart of Europe" is supposed to be the free beating heart of the right kind of a Europe. A good anti-fascist Europe. The dark evil hearts of the fascist writers have been left out. And that was not difficult because between 1920 and 1940 there were few fascist writers. This is a pure heart, a Lindbergh heart under glass, nourished only with pure blood from a pump. A lot of pumps. All the prefaces—one for each of the twenty-one nations involved—are so many pumps. Too many. There are too many assistants watching this heart of Europe beat. They are too much worried about the impurities that might get into it. Take just one instance: Francine B. Bradley prefacing Switzerland. She reaches C. F. Ramuz and she thinks he is fine, but: "Unfortunately, he follows more the spiritual paths of the conservative Gotthelf than the progressive universalism of Gottfried Keller as he stubbornly portrays the secluded world of the Swiss peasant living in the remotest part of the Vallais, and romantically opposes ideas of modern progress." The pump line, like the party line, must be kept pure at all costs—at the cost, here, of telling an admittedly great writer what he must write about. Or take just one other instance. In his general introduction Klaus Mann is telling how worried he is about granting admittance to Stefan George and Paul Claudel. "It is undeniable that there are suggestions of an anti-democratic, authoritarian philosophy in the work [of both] . . . But in both cases those inimical elements are counterbalanced, or indeed outweighted, by other tendencies of a more approvable nature." The life streams to the "heart" are well filtered.

These precautions are nothing for the editors to be ashamed about. They are doing what they openly propose to do. I think the spectacle is funny. I think it is very funny when they take Benedetto Croce and permit him to write safely about Balzac. It is as if they did not think him altogether safe as a philosopher, as if they were worried about what he might have told Gentile.

The editors must have had both an easy and a hard time with their Italian section—easy because they had the illustrious anti-fascist standbys to rely on: Lussu, Silone, Salvemini and Borgese; they had a younger and less known writer, Nicola Chiaromonte, who is represented by a piece, "Lost Italians," which is excellent for the simple reason that THE COMMONWEAL first printed it; they had Croce (on art); Svevo, and they completed the list with Pirandello—but not without a prudent description of his errors. But they had a hard time also, because it was clearly impossible to say that these writers represented the heart of Italy. They represented anti-fascism—and that is enough to represent. But the trouble is that the heart of Italy was not represented in literature during the twenty years covered by the anthology. You can say that it was fascism which prevented there being any good books in Italy during those years. There was, in Rome, a bookstore called "Modernissima" and when you looked at the current display of Italian books a clerk would approach you and say that it was not really worth while looking at

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the current books because there was nothing any good to read, but that there were some new French books which had just come in. Perhaps it was fascism which kept Italians from writing good books but whatever it was there were no books being written which expressed the Italian heart. At one time there was a flurry of excitement because a young man named Moravia was going to publish a real book. But "Gli Indifferenti," when it appeared, although it contained perhaps the most remarkable description in contemporary literature of the act of vomiting, represented only the total discouragement of a disgusted and disgusting Roman bourgeoisie. The Italian peasants, the workers and even the intellectuals remained unmoved.

The case of Italy is an extreme one but even the brilliant French representation in this volume represents no more than a number of brilliant Frenchmen. In the Portuguese section the ridiculous story "The Last Faun" represents nothing more than the failure of a Portuguese writer to write a good story. What the Germans truly represent is of course the entire debate of the future. If we knew what they represented we would know whether or not to hope in the German people.

It would have been better to have drawn the names out of a hat and to have left the heart of Europe beating inscrutably in the dark. C. G. PAULDING.

Behind the Steel Wall. Arvid Fredborg. Viking. $3.00.

THIS is the first report from inside Germany since the United States entered the war and our journalists were forced to leave. Fredborg, a Swede, took his notes and his memories with him when he was warned by friends to leave Germany in 1943. He had refused to submit passively to censorship or to accept the nazi version of what is fit news for the outside world to hear.

The book is packed full of detail and is, therefore, highly informative, yet it manages to remain interesting throughout. For, back of the details, lies the story of what happens in the minds of people who have been misled by propaganda and who have—without quite knowing what they were doing—sold their birthright of freedom for the fancied security of the Total State, when at last they perceive what it has led them to. They see their high hopes dashed, the New Order crumbling into ruins, and power slipping from their grasp. The author has failed to understand the utter emptiness of the German spirit which was the necessary prelude to their capitulation to force. So he does not feel the moral havoc which the fear of defeat must cause. He does, however, emphasize the importance of the opposition of the Catholic Church to Nazism, aided, as far as is humanly possible, by the less well organized Protestants. He notes cooperation between the two, and a return to religion. But since that may be nothing more than grasping at straws, it is not possible to say whether or not it presages a return to spiritual and moral principles on the part of post-war Germany.

The author indicates the ever-present fear that America might be drawn into the war. He believes that the attack on Russia was instigated by Hitler's sense of his own destiny as a military leader and his power "to make the impossible possible." He outlines the campaigns in Russia, the mistakes in estimating Russian power and in military tactics and strategy, and shows the growing terror in the Reich as the truth slowly seeps through the tightly drawn net of censorship.

The book contains an analysis of nazism from the point of view of a conservative European. It describes the nazi

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Everyone has been talking about the spiritual force and beauty of this book . . . and with reason. The young girl who wrote it in bombed London is by profession an advertising copy writer and by vocation an apostle of spiritual beauty. With modern directness of expression and medieval simplicity of faith she writes of this war, of what it is doing to men, of how it should draw them all together as fellow members of the mystical body of Christ crucified.

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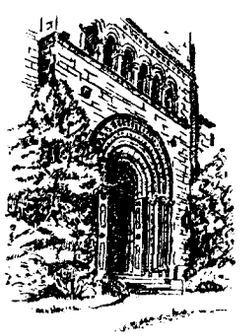

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leaders, their utter lawlessness, and the strength of the underground opposition in Germany. It all adds up to a new, clear view of what is going on inside the country of our closest enemy. Great changes have taken place, but there is no reason to foresee an easy victory. The strength of nazi Germany is still formidable.

The author favors constitutional monarchy for most of post-war Europe, believing that this would give strength and stability and that it could be combined with regional federations. "Democracy," in his view, is not identical with "republic." Both civil liberties and the freedoms that come with security can be and have been, according to his view, enjoyed under constitutional monarchies as well as under our system.

It is not necessary to agree with him that Europe can return to monarchy on a large scale without becoming reactionary and abandoning the advance of democracy, in order to find much that is sound in his advice as well as stimulating in his reporting. WILLIAM AGAR.

The Woodcuts of Maillol. A Complete Catalogue with 176 illustrations, edited by John Rewald. Pantheon. $18.00.

IF, when war has been concluded, somebody should visit the extreme southern coast of France, he might find there, in Vergilian surroundings, the venerable sculptor Aristide Maillol. He would still be equably shaping out his apple-like women, his caryatids, his elegant figurines. And also—possibly to one's surprise—cutting away at wood blocks. For, as this book at last makes clear, Maillol has an accomplishment in the woodcut which is quite as distinguished as his attainments in sculpture.

Why then are his woodcuts so little known? Possibly because they have been scarcely available. It is true, Count Harry Kessler, a German connoisseur, commissioned Maillol to fashion out images for a de luxe edition of the "Eclogues," published in 1925; that ten years later the artist completed a series for a work by Ovid; that in 1937 he did his *chef d'oeuvre*, "Daphnis and Chloe," and, somewhat later, his plates for the "Chansons pour Elle," by Verlaine. But these were all limited editions. Few but the owners ever saw them, and even well-informed critics were unfamiliar with their merit. Now Pantheon House has incorporated the bulk of this production into a single volume including 162 woodcuts.

These woodcuts locate us in an antique world. Shepherds pipe and maidens dip among the reeds. Pan scampers through many a passage. Tension and combat are erased. For example, when Maillol pictures the episodes of that innocent pair, Daphnis and Chloe, he ignores the ruffians who interrupted a peaceful scene. One would never know that war had temporarily disturbed a blissful countryside. For Maillol has his own well of peace. He found it years ago. Some time after his impending blindness—about 1900—his work deepened and strengthened. He forgot his Gauguin influences. And a life-giving stream was tapped.

The woodcuts incorporate some of this experience. They do not, it may be said, give the original page-by-page setting of picture and text, but they do engrave some of the master's lines upon us. Here the reader learns—through the exposition of Mr. Rewald—that Maillol has reinvigorated the woodcut quite as much as he did the otherwise too often somnolent sculpture of today. An additional merit is that the book takes note of the fruitful collaboration between Maillol and the English sculptor, Eric Gill. JEROME MELLQUIST.

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The Inner Forum

Native Priests and Missioners in China

WHEN Providence College bestowed on Bishop Paul Yu-pin the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on January 9, 1944, the Vicar Apostolic of Nanking told how Dominican Fathers over three hundred years ago had given China her first native priest, Father Gregory Lo (or Lopez). As Bishop Yu-pin gracefully put it, "This will always remain one of the glories of the Dominicans that they inaugurated the native clergy of China and will merit the everlasting gratitude of the Chinese. But my personal debt is even greater. For Father Lo became not only a priest, but China's first bishop, and strangely enough the first Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, my own vicariate. You can understand then why I, the first Chinese successor to Bishop Lo [in three hundred years], should rejoice to be honored today by the Dominican Fathers."

★

Father John J. Considine, M.M., of the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America at Maryknoll, discloses in the current issue of *The Field Afar* that of the 470 missioners of their Society in the Far East and the Pacific two years ago, 350 are still at their foreign posts, with the largest group in South China. Father Considine says that missioners comprise almost one-half of the Church's personnel in China. He reports that Reverend George Marin, S. J. (originally from Lowell, Mass.), who is at the head of the 800 Jesuits of all nationalities stationed in China, has sent the Papal Delegate in China a message that all of his men "had volunteered individually and in groups to remain at their assignments, no matter how dangerous or temporarily impractical such a decision might seem."

In Manchukuo Bishop Lane, who is also from Massachusetts, has been fighting against the Japanese tendency to return the Maryknoll missioners to this country. He finally secured the concession that one-half of his missioners may remain. All in all Father Considine estimates that over ninety percent of the 12,000 priests, brothers and sisters who were laboring in the Far East when the war broke out in the Pacific are still at their posts. The general estimate is that Catholics comprise not quite one percent of China's more than 400,000,000. But since 1900 the number has quadrupled. In the forefront are scores of Catholic periodicals published in China, thousands of schools and hundreds of hospitals, orphan asylums and dispensaries. They explain in part Madame Chiang Kai-shek's tribute to the missioners in China.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. L. BENVENISTI is a British journalist and author, who contributes articles to THE COMMONWEAL from overseas. He has written "The Iniquitous Contract" and other books.

Most Reverend Paul YU-PIN is Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China. The article we print herewith is the substance of an address he gave at a special convocation of Providence College, at which he received the degree of Doctor of Laws.

William AGAR is a contributing editor of THE COMMONWEAL, and is Educational Director of Freedom House, New York.

Jerome MELLQUIST is a New York art critic, author of "The Emergence of An American Art."

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